



The Importance of Adhering to a Lubrication Schedule or A well oiled sadness

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15 pages / 6742 words / Commentary – Satire / 12 point Liberation Serif / Un-numbered Chapters

Synopsis:

Sociopolitical commentary on the subject of humanity in scatter-shot form, from the possible origins of warring factions to a short list of how/why warfare might exist, partially based in reality. Satirical, ironic, angered, vulgar at times when the missive requires. Stark, few if any punches pulled concerning the horrors society offers. Adheres to a very limited list of possibilities as the only choices, if remaining a person with reasonable access to indoor plumbing is thought to have value in the realm of convenience, yet not worth dying over.

Topics:

- Literature
- Violence / Wartime / Allergies
- Potatoes / various and sundry
- Wisdom of the aged / lack of same
- Simplicity vs Complexity
- Group-Think / Lone Genius
- Tribalism / Family / Theism
- Philosophy / Psychology
- Sartre / Kierkegaard / Tesla / Schauberger / Galileo
- Irony
- Greed / Hate / Stupidity / Fantasy

The Importance of Adhering to a Lubrication Schedule

or

A well oiled sadness

S. LaRue – 12/2015



Generally Speaking

Since my visit to my parents place a couple of years ago and the horrors I witnessed there, I've been in decline on all levels, particularly in the realm of stamina, wherein I manage to keep my blinders on, forget what I've seen behind the curtain, slap a fake smile on my face and mow the fucking lawn. "Faking it" takes too much out of me, it's exhausting, has literally become impossible.

I'm thinking about 70% of the ignoramus population come by their empty heads honestly. I'm in a place mentally and philosophically wherein I no longer feel the amount of disdain I once did for those with less book-lernin' than I. In fact, my relationship with the printed word fell away about a decade ago.

Authors, scholars, theologians, philosophers and the like weren't pedaling fast enough to hold my attention and part of my head wandered off (been told I got the ADD). Some component of my brain broke free of it's mooring and has been running around up there unsupervised since I was just a kid. The self imposed mission of this fugitive is to roam the corridors randomly kicking nodules that look as though they're not trying hard enough.

Once aroused, annoyed or by anyone's reckoning, startled awake, they start doing what they always do – gossip with the other nodules and hatch various schemes they think would be either fun or helpful to Earthlings. Then they make me test them. So I'm either executing some complex set of commands or recovering from the previous set. I hardly notice anymore, got used to it when I was still young and just figure it's my lot in life to champion the HairBrained Scheme Society from afar.

The way I work it, is I pay fucking attention. School has taken years off my life and the lost lunch money? *Thirty Five cents, on the draining board, into my pocket, then back out and in someone else's pocket within the hour.* Hey, repetition's how ya learn stuff, stuff like how to temporarily memorize meaningless numbers, names, dates or whatever it happens to be they want you to read a hundred books about. I'd burn my Jr High to the ground before repeating that exercise in all that is banal, hateful and intentionally stupid.

I don't DO text books. I can't help it. My thoughts are barely manageable as it is – were I to start studying in earnest, piling more data in there it would just confuse me, it would **TAKE AWAY** from my overall knowledge the same way entertaining the rules of music theory has **RUINED** *thousands of brilliant musicians.*

If you don't pay attention, I can point to about a-*hundred million reasons* why I can never expect you to – this life is based in *distractions* and falling victim to them is as easy as pissin' on yer shoe..

The Lure of Verification

I've intensified my philosophical studies, developed exponentially as an artist ('developed' is the key word here – our understanding of it's meaning may differ, in fact may differ dramatically¹) and have begun to delve into the anthropological, much of which is edict as opposed to guess-work – at least it seems to be so far.

I've yet to draw anything new from the anthro' studies but the philosophical endeavors, at long last, have bore out what I anticipated, but was just waiting for someone else to say. I gave no purchase to the missive hinting at what I knew was out there and at the very core of the philosophical debate happening since the first three people became self-realized (enough for a debate following Robert's Rules of Order). I felt it bearing down on me, we knew each other personally, intimately – but had never been introduced proper – a Glory-hole Relationship.

When Kierkegaard spoke it I was aghast that I'd not heard him say it prior, and then when Sartre said the exact same thing and, I was shown **BOTH within a week** of each other, *after missing them during my 40 years of inquiry*, my blinders were further damaged; peripheral data, more of it, began to trickle in.

Today I saw a line from a book by some christer (a lady with a \$30K toilet in one of her 4 palaces) which lumped **REASON** into the same family as *evil, dangerous and Satanic*.

There's no way this person is not successfully making a large group of *ignorant people look the other way while she takes their money* and she continues to do so with impunity. Her wealth is not distributed in a way resembling sanity, kindness or a true devotion to helping anyone but herself.

I'm writing more than I was, the work is doubling, tripling, quadrupling in length because on any given subject I want to use to make a point, there are thousands of nuanced pieces of information that lend credibility to my conclusions.



I edited ***Broken***, (another of my babble-fests) down from FORTY FUCKING PAGES to it's current mouse-like NINE just so someone might accidentally feel like they could tackle it without losing their job by missing work days while trying to parse my jabbering. People don't answer emails for fuck's sake, I find it hard to imagine all but a few reading a book which they hadn't been forced into.

The chapter about the Middle East around 1000AD? It was 15 pages and I just threw the mother fucker out. It was my strongest chapter, made many of my points become diamond-like, but 15 pages?

“...of text written by a guy who's brain just won't shut up?

A guy that's working on a fiction novel about a person that literally talks people unconscious?

Not on yer life.

And he's trying to get me to read 15 pages about Islam?

Get the FUCK OUTTA HERE!

That dude needs help, man...”

Shhhhhh...

There was a time, a period in human evolution, a time before all the greed and the hate was born. A softer time when if someone invented, let's say, the automobile (terrible / perfect example), and everyone started driving around, moving here, moving there, the automobile became the ONLY basic transportation device everyone could own if they put their minds to it. And let's say the guys that invented those first cars convinced everyone transportation would no longer require any thought from anyone – PROBLEM SOLVED – **“Everybody – back to work!”**



It's like finding the perfect cloth couch. You think, well, there it is, I got that couch issue NAILED. I'll be happy with my avocado and burnt umber striped couch LONG after 1972! Damn, who's the clever son of a bitch around here? That would be Moi!

Then there are all those poor fools with wooden furniture, crafted by hand, slowly and carefully, improving the design with each new project. Furniture made by guys that give a fuck about their chairs still being used 400 years after they're dead, because **THAT'S THE FUCKING WAY YER SUPPOSED TO DO IT.**

We've been driving the exact same machines for over 100 years. They got fancier, some even offer to use a little sunlight so they can motor around, but it's the same god damn Studebaker Horseless Motorized Carriage from 1903 – it just has nicer clothes now. How is that possible?

It's possible because the human race is a horrifically failed experiment in biological gaming. We're done. 100 years, maybe less, maybe more, but this bullshit is so outrageous, if I don't keep my bicycle pointed up a steep incline so I have to pedal as if christers are gaining on me, just to keep from rolling backwards to my demise, I will indeed *roll backwards and cease to exist – will die the tragic death of 1000 Baptisms at the hands of delusional Nimrods.*

Verification Arrives

The idea sounds better every day. Every hour it seems, brings me closer to stepping in front of a bus.

Sartre? Kierkegaard?

I'm looking into Camus and Rumi, Gandhi, Jimmy Carter, Tolstoy, Thomas Jefferson, Hegel, etc to see if any of them reached the same end game and haven't found any to be complicit just yet **but I will.**

The answer is too easy for that group not to have known intuitively, which, as it just so happens, was where I landed when I was 17, back in 1973.

Is life worth living?

Not a chance.

What is keeping everyone from killing themselves?

Fear of the unknown.

If life is worth living, why is it worth living?

It *might be* if a game changer were introduced, something not requiring gunpowder to operate? Something clean and quiet and beneficial, maybe? If it were available would we even realize we had it, know how it works or would it remain, as it is today, a mystery?

Karl Rove might begin professing his intimate knowledge at 10 second intervals until he has a following of drooling, faithful miscreants. I'd bet against that weasel knowing how to pour piss out of a



boot. The secret to human happiness could very easily be the proper amount of purple cabbage a day, but nobody's cyphered it yet.

Find a Bush / Hide

Have ya seen what happens when groups of people with different opinions on a specific topic, one they feel strongly about, refuse to listen to each other? They kinda stomp their feet, puff up their chests and shit? When a group of folks do that puffing-up thing, they do it because they're wrong and they know it. They're too proud to admit it out loud, would rather eat a bug than go against what their moms and pops told them; *"This is what our family believes – are you in the family or not? Okay then, start believing already!"*

Besides, if someone refuses to puff up, had somehow come to know what they'd been told was rubbish, everyone would see they were HONEST, which immediately places them on the *Possible Humility* list, and from there, if folks find out you have humility for god damn sure? Move. Move quickly and as far away as you can because they will kill you at the first opportunity. Trust me on this one, remember – ***I'm OLD*** – I once rode a bicycle a great distance!



Honesty and humility are signs of weakness – if you accidentally demonstrate a propensity toward exercising integrity in any of it's hideous guises, yer a goner. People can't hide their shock and dismay when the picture comes into focus, the one of you doing the right thing without hesitation, sans goading, void of threats. There's a squeak that escapes their head hole. You'll know it when ya hear it; do not pack, do not close you bank account, just get out and do it quick-like-a-bunny (I didn't say this, but I hear Brazil has room for strangers).

Unless of course Sartre's query, Shakespeare's one liner, the quandary of Kierkegaard is not in the affirmative. Just amble on home when the squeakin' starts – it's polite to have seasonal beverages

available for those about to arrive and slay you. Heck, ya got integrity – I'd be surprised if you can't make hot chocolate for 10.

Spuds McKinsey MISSING: Assumed Dead

But that's just a possible fate liable to befall a single person. I was wondering if you've really paid attention to what goes down when an enormous group clashes with another enormous group, neither of which, absolutely, positively, to a man, in terms far stronger than necessary, can not, will not, nor will they allow their fellows to say, “*Bless you,*” to guys from the other group when they sneeze? Never fails; somebody ends up cryin', embarrassing their group thus weakening their will and next thing ya know, those choosing to withhold their blessings are ransacking the Walmart.



Say there's a buncha Doofuses that have never seen a purple potato. Some other Doofus produces one he happened to have with him, thus consternating the guys thinking all potatoes are white inside.

Purple dude, now suspect for bringing a renegade tuber as his lunch, is hustled out of the lunch room, surrounded high-school-mob-style (jock variation) and relentlessly questioned, jostled about by the white potato Doofuses, called a charlatan, a big fibber, said by many to be wearing the pants one would expect to be worn by those well known for not telling the truth. There is peril in the air – Take Heed!

The unknown has arrived in the form of a starchy vegetable and the white potato guys are freaked out cuz they've never left town, never had opportunity to see, much less be made to watch, while some obviously wicked huckster EATS one! One guy swipes the purple spud, sniffs it, touches it tentatively with his tongue recoiling in horror and announces to all, “I knew it! A trick this person has attempted! Grape Kool Aid is what I detect and declare it to all as has been verified by my sensitive-buds-for-tasting tongue-thingies! OH-OH! **OHHH!**” (two short, one long; Hicks was first, Sam ripped it)

Another guy pipes up, “This fellow here has plans to besmirch our intelligence and I don't care for it, nossir, not one little bit is what I'm saying! I feel compelled to denounce him in ways that would seem absurd if the there weren't potatoes at the heart of the issue! Betrayer most foul! I shame you with my words, you MONSTER!”

It's startin' to get pretty bouncy when the Lunch Room Monitor, Butch, holds up his hands signaling for quiet. He slowly lifts his gaze aiming it directly at Purple Dude and says real quiet-like, the way yer dad used to when he was slowly sliding the silencer into your mouth, “Hangin's too good fer 'im....”

The white dirt-apple guys start their advance on Poor Mister Purple... *Then*, just like on the TeeVee a buncha fellas appear outta nowhere waving purple starch-pods around like they were prize pigs from the Dalhart 4-H Club. Throngs of white spud enthusiasts start trying to wrest free the assumed Kool Aid grenades which had quite suddenly flooded the area.

There has been a miscommunication, Butch had not properly performed his monitor duties, falsehoods were spread, unfriendly monikers assigned willy-nilly and in the middle of all the confusion some smartass had made off with all the butter.

*Just curious, have you paid the exorbitant price for the privilege of eating an off-color potato? You might be surprised, they taste very much like **potato** potatoes, identical I'd go so far as to say.*

When it was made common knowledge the butter was gone, tempers flared *for reals* and they started slapping each other around. Shenanigans of this type are bound to escalate; slapping turns to punching, which leads to kicking, then the eye gouging begins in earnest. Weapons are located and brandished, and right away a shitload of these Doofuses are on the ground bleeding *like they'd been shot*.

The dust settles in a few years, couple of brand new cemeteries are Sold Out and the number of persons in their prime, enjoying the dangers of youth, are no more, have become statistics in the Great and Terrible Tater Fracas of Twenty Twenty-two.

Po-Tay-toe / Puh-Tay-tuh – *The calling off*

If you would please, tell me how, specifically, a ridiculous all-out-donnybrook over the correct color of a potato, as imagined by one group, being contested by another, is somehow substantially different than rival religious sects arguing? The only difference I've noticed, well two if you count the varying supplies of butter, heavy ordinance comes WAY before the eye gouging. Those in the Unicorn Groomers Association get real crazy, real fast when it comes time to get their view heard concerning post death experiences.

Every dog shit war consuming the lives of our young people is about purple potatoes. Someone has them, someone else hates them, OR someone else WANTS 'em. It's fucking potatoes, it's fucking stupid, hate and greed driven, or BOTH and the guys that get the ball rolling are making a shitload of money, often backing both sides and charging combatants absurd interest rates for the pleasure of having enough blow-up-powder (the Chinese kind, not the Bolivian variety).

This sounds crazy, I know, but I had an idea – grow your own, grow those freakin \$8 mustard yellow bastards if ya want, but don't send your kids somewhere to kill someone else's kids because of *an argument over potatoes – or what happens after ya die – or getting all butt-hurt if ya sneeze and no-one says anything. **What the fuck are you people thinking?*** I guarantee you there are no sure-fire methods of resolving those differences on hand at this time. That they're seen as reality based problems *means you guys are fucking assholes in the first place.*

Potatoes? Bless you's? Millions of gallons of oil which by the way ought to stay right where it is?



WHEN YER DEAD – THEN you'll know what happens – and not until. Claiming you know just proves there's a reason you're at the bottom of the list of suitable Cub Scout Den-Mothers – there are often Popsicle sticks and glue involved – dangerous as nitro! *Project Mayhem* can wait Tyler. Sit down, yer makin' me nervous.

If you fancy a purple potato, there's a slim chance the guy that stole the butter has a new gig soaking white potatoes in extra strength Kool Aid and ya might accidentally end up with one – no PHD in purple potatoes so spotting a Kool-Aid-laced impersonator among everyday, run of the mill purples, is beyond your scope. You don't know if it's a beard until you get it home and slice it up.

Type Setters, At The Ready

I wanna read the minutes of the next pretend *Peace Conference* (in France no doubt, where white flags are plentiful 2) – I wanna read about some amped-up Venezuelan Consulate Captain losing it when the White Boys have the floor. The proceedings cease to proceed when Captain Vennie screams like a chimp driving a go cart, throws his name plate across the room and the only sound you can hear for a second is the guy thundering toward the podium and slappin' himself in the face. White Boys know trouble when they see it and they've yielded the floor by the time he kicks several chairs out of the way hoping to tag one of the displaced power brokers which are now under their desks.

He starts in hollerin' in broken Portuguese/English/Arabic (they aint got no official language down there yet) and pounding on the podium. He catches himself, all spectacle-like, takes a deep breath and gets down to the business of pointing a chubby finger at each representative, one by one and demanding to know where they got their information about what happens when you die. He adjusted his query a few times after some of the more timid attendees were too shook up to understand him, but he landed on a phrase everyone could get their teeth into somehow.

I wanna read, when he got about half way around the room you could barely hear him demanding answers because everyone was laughing. When he asked some senator from Arkansas that had crashed the party – the guy wasn't even supposed to be there – he stuttered so bad he bit his tongue.

Whammo – blood spurts out of the guy's mouth, fuckin' up his polyester ensemble, splashin' on his Big

Chief Pad, his name plate (he'd brought his own) and people are stumblin' over each other to get some distance between themselves and the blood flow.

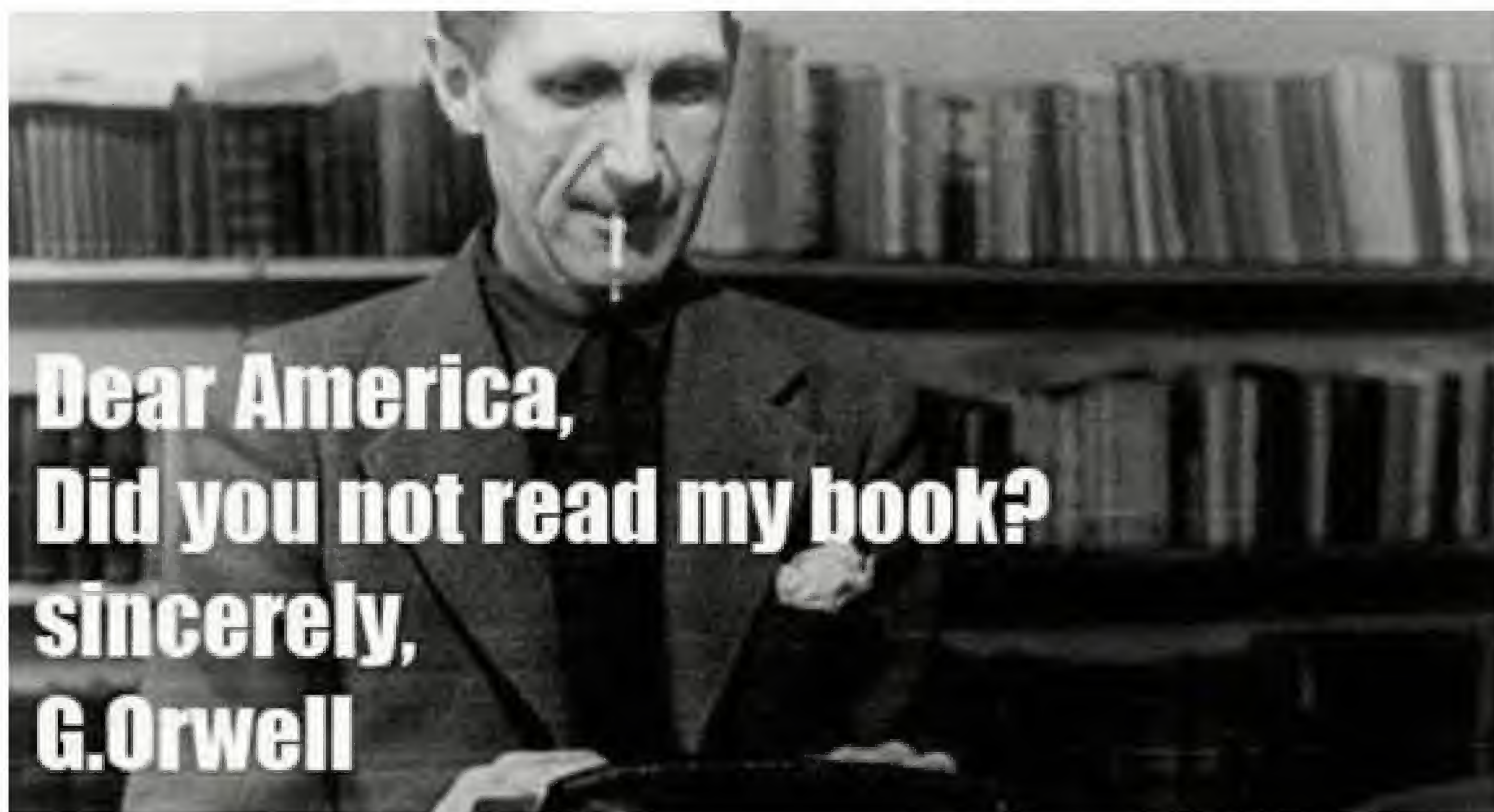
Critical mass is achieved. Uncontrollable laughter breaks out, lamps are knocked over, pitchers of ice water hit the floor and explode and no one gives a damn, they're laughing so hard.

Cell phones were blinkin' and beepin' like a house-a-fire, orders are laughingly barked, wars stopped cold and there was a massive exodus to the nearest pub – sales of Vodka made with purple potatoes had not seen such activity before or since.

Throw **that** newspaper on my porch 40-year-old-Pinto-wagon-job-stealing-paperMAN – and you fucks – yeh – YOU! Stop claiming to know the unknowable. Yer just making a big mess. It's embarrassing.

As Foretold In ***The TEXTS of YORE***

Have you noticed in the last 30 years the Orwellian prediction concerning perpetual war has come true? How did that have life breathed into it? Waaay back there, when we were still riding dinosaurs, why wasn't the first guy that threw the first pebble at some guy that was just gathering food, near the same place the pebble thrower gathered food, not cut into fireplace-sized-chunks and eaten? Or at the very least tickled until he cried “UNCLE!?!”



The first guy that tricked everyone into thinking he was in contact with the weather and could make the thunder go away (by waiting until the next day and then proclaiming he'd done some voodoo or fucked a goat or whatever) the result of which, was everyone started giving him a bigger share of the harvest in

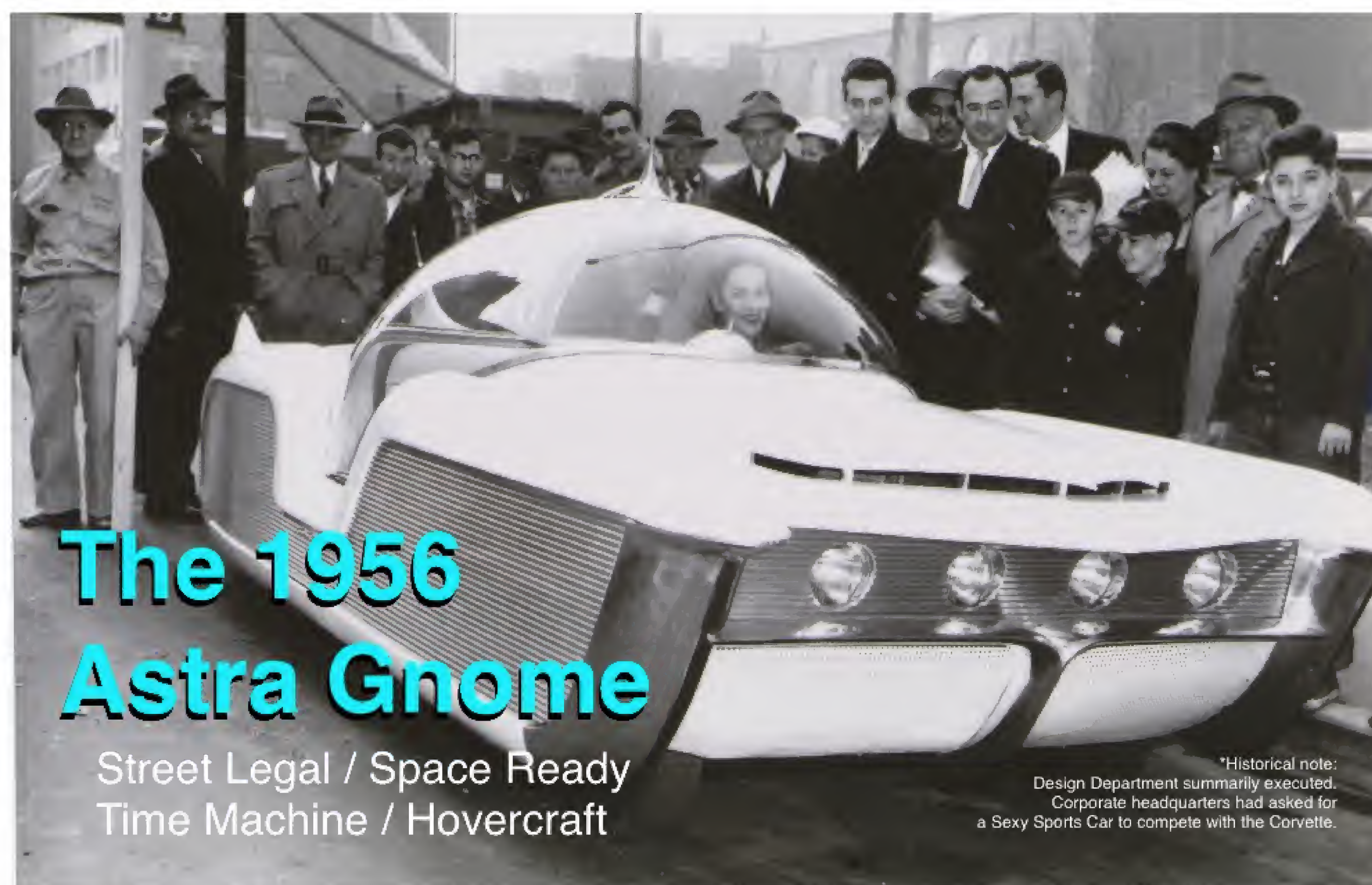
trade for less thunder. How is it he wasn't tossed off a cliff when a four day thunderstorm happened by?

He's the same mother fucker who, while hanging out in the biggest cave available, fat as a pig and pawing at the youngest starlets of the day, suggested *the notion of slavery* to the others douchebags with softer rocks and whores buzzin' round 'em like flies.

It was a BIG HIT and before ya knew it, whole tribes were being treated like ill fitting wigs bought at a yard sale after a 36 hour drinking binge peppered with methamphetamine abuse. Fatass McThunderboy and Company couldn't wait to get fatter and fuck more teenyboppers. They'd round up a buncha stupid, mean dumbasses, promise to let 'em eat a select few concubines if they went for a hike and brought back a couple-hundred farmers and their families, zip-tied together, thirsty, confused, tired and what-not, so they could start right in workin' 'em to death building International Airports, Taco Bells and Hockey Rinks – cave paintings in Portugal depict what historians are certain was the first Starbucks, which predates the pyramids.

Why didn't a couple of athletic types, *just a couple* that could think along similar lines as the fatasses, notice what was happening and make fireplace-sized-chunks out of those assholes?

The Keys To The Time Machine, If You Please...



Fireplace-sized-chunks aside, my noggin chimp doesn't understand how these offenders came to be offenders. Was there an announcement, some sort of cave memo circulated? Perhaps when we were down to a few thousand knuckleheads scratching the savannah floor hoping to find a soda, the level of

desperation caused everyone to start worrying about what was gonna happen to Junior after they croaked? 'Cuz there was a lotta croakin' goin' on and little kids aren't very self sufficient in the first place – mom and dad succumb to the current soda shortage, little 3 year old Walter would be having the last bit of protein sucked outta him in some intestinal waiting room on his way to being poo.

Must have been when the idea of family came about – those born of you are yours to abuse as you see fit. They aren't individuals – look how small they are? They need your protection and guidance and will be reminded to show their appreciation for you fucking them up until they knock the shit right outta ya and move to Cleveland.

“If we don't find a soda here pretty quick I'm gonna fall over and turn into a dirt monster, like Fred done. Dang, that was so gross! I'm liable to look like that and if Walter seen me all shriveled up with my face pulled back from my choppers and dark, empty holes where my peepers once was, he'd be hard pressed to find an empty can on his own, much less a soda that wasn't a Fanta product. Hell, he couldn't find set of wax lips if he had him a map. Nightmares about his dear old dad lookin like a space zombie tossed out of a wayward flyin' saucer for neglecting his anal-probe-duties he does not need.

“Yeh, I think it's time Ma, time for us to be askeered of dyin' – we knew it was comin' and I'll be fuckt if it aint arrived. Since we're filled with the fear of death now, I guess we have to do what we have to do, if fer nuthin' else, fer little Walter crawlin' round down... Where'd he go anyway?”

Fear – better than guilt as a motivator. Better than the whip actually, but some get a big kick out of combining the two. Those people are called The Elite. No, no, no... you don't know any of 'em personally, take it easy.

Walt's pop proclaimed death is bad and in the same breath decided families were a concept everyone should get behind. Why everyone listened to him, I dunno, but they did and, since they did, it meant all bets were off. Death was the worst possible thing you could experience and must be avoided no matter what ya gotta do (for the children, right?). Screwing one of the few proto-sports-fans left was just fine, if you imagined yourself to be so afraid of dying, you'd make someone else die before you'd let something so horrifically natural happen to your precious hide.

We were down a to a handful of monkey-men for fuck's sake and someone decides to roll out MORE fear about something that happens to everyone whether you hit the wax lips mother-load or not? Kicking some guy in the sack and taking his soda instead of sharing the one you found earlier? That's fucked up. Seriously.

None for me, thanks. The few times I've managed to be positioned in such a way I got to see the **“fuck you – that's why”** stance in action, man, it was base-level-stupid – you'd never see a rock acting like that, nossir. But back in the day, 3000, 4000 people left and we're in fucking Africa, living in what amounts to a carnivore-type-bitey-animal-buffet with no curtains to hide behind? I'm all for the strong surviving I just don't think we need to rush it by shoving short guys into the open at the wrong time.

What we coulda used, could probably use today, is like a contest – kinda like Jeopardy, but not as difficult and without the insanity music at the end. Instead of squashing each other's heads with heavy stuff and dragging women around by the hair, we could have a sort-of brain olympics. At the end the smartest ones get to breed and the lesser brain olympians are banned from the prom? Sterilized? Nah...

1. Are you Drunk?

Yes

☐

No

☒

You're Soaking In It

I doubt that would work all these years later – smart isn't nearly as valued now. Group-think-conformity is in, individuals, lone geniuses are so 1970s. The recent crop of Teslas, Schaubergers, Galileos? They're out there, somewhere. Adrift, unable to fit in, doing their best work in solitude, thinking of stuff that would cure constant, crippling fear for about a nickel.

They can't find each other cuz they're thinkin about stuff all the time. Team players, i.e. everyone else on the planet thinks they've been thinking way too much and it's made them undesirable. So much so, the Mental Health Community has betting pools in the board rooms of those successful enough to have amassed a workforce to administer “*a cure*” for some accidental malady listed in the DSM.

These pools are mostly kept secret and when discovered have been passed off as “a joke, a way to have a little fun at work.” The standing wager across the board isn't based in any DSM diagnosis, but is based on how intelligent certain clients are. The higher your IQ, the more people bet you'll take your own life, with the gambling part being, the picking of the date closest to when you actually eat Drano.

That's Lunch. What'll it be? Saltines or Gum?

Have your new micro-chipped credit cards arrived? Mine have. I took a box cutter to em, contacted the people that sent them, in almost ALL cases, *years before the ones I had were due to expire* and told them I had performed carefully calculated and well rehearsed sacrifices to Zeus using their tracking systems as my unwilling victims, whispered things like, “My necklace of magnetic strips seems at home nestled in the thick, glistening, sweaty chest hair covering my man breasts – when can I anticipate the arrival of (hm-hm-hm-hm-hm) their *Replacements*?”

I asked for an alternative and was told to fuck off. My credit union actually said with a straight face, “*Oh Mr. LaRue, these chips insure a much higher level of security!*” to which I responded, “*For whom?*” I waited 30 seconds for that to sink in and as soon as she gave me the “*oh shit*” glance, I walked out.

The JP Morgans will assign you a group my friend, if you let them. It's 2016 and I have a fucking flip phone. I throw out the 12 ads I receive every day offering to pay me \$100 if I just obey – they'll hand

me a hunsky if I shove their toy in my pocket. They almost got me with the one that makes soft-serve ice cream – bastards.

APPLE computer, a company I've championed since Day One developed a “Cam-Kill” app for our beloved Militarized Police Force. Cell phone cameras within a certain radius can be made inoperative when the cops feel like kicking handcuffed women in the head, in public.



“I beg your pardon S.? What was that you just said? I'm not sure I understand?”

APPLE now has some do-hickey installed in their iPhones allowing cops that happen to have the magic kill-switch on their utility belt, to cause the camera contained within said phone to CEASE TO FUNCTION when they flip a switch.

SFGATE NEWS SPORTS BUSINESS ENTERTAINMENT FOOD LIVING TRAVEL REAL ESTATE

New patent shows that Apple can disable iPhone cameras at concerts

Dianne de Guzman Updated 7:55 am, Wednesday, June 29, 2016

Get it? Some dark skinned person get's a little hoity-toity, the seven cops surrounding him decide it's time for some exercise, they all look to the switch holder and when he gives the signal, indicating the cell phones pointed at them from every conceivable angle are recording static and nothing else, the beating begins in earnest. My favorite computer company is now denying us the right to Police the

Police.

Is it implemented yet? I dunno but it exists. Every time I ask someone at APPLE about it, which I am not in the least shy about doing, my connection is lost, or I'm put on permanent hold. In the announcement of it's successful completion, the text said they'd be offering it to EVERY cell phone manufacturer that *expressed an interest*. Every phone will soon have it, is what I'm guessing that means.

“This One's Ready”

When yer pushin' 60 and the years start feeling like months, it dawns on those that give a fuck, what you imagined you'd have accomplished by 60 has not come to pass. Even if your biggest dream was to have seven motorcycles, a double-wide and Toni Uttsinger washing the dishes at your place and you somehow managed to make that happen? 60 comes knockin' and ya get the distinct feeling there's a LOT more to be done. That feeling has a buddy with a twitch; he points at the calendar, glances at his watch, rubs his 5 o'clock shadow, points at the calendar, glances at his watch, rubs his 5 o'clock shadow, and starts with the calendar-pointing again, ad naseum.

Policy must undergo immediate and drastic revisions. My first change was an addition, one I'd been polishing for decades waiting for the time to be ripe before stapling it to my forehead so anyone caring to read it, could do so, thus saving themselves from knowing what I actually think, should they imagine that to have value – I'm me, and I don't like what's rattlin' around up there myself most of the time, but there's nothin I can do about it. And besides, all that namby-pamby-sweet-talk-horse-shit is a huge waste of everyone's time. Get to the point Poindexter – I'm gonna die here in a few minutes, snap it up will ya?

I Say What I mean and Mean What I say.

You may want to adjust your style of interaction where I am concerned.

Your bullshit, your passive aggression, up with, will be put, no longer.

You can read it from pretty far away – Helvetica Bold, white, outlined in black? Ya can't go wrong. There's a buncha small print nobody bothers with – it's like a mattress tag – it has to be there or the Policy Police can just yank it offa ya, staples and all, write ya up a *Policy Change Notice / Malfeasance Voucher*. Eight bucks a pop.

Similar to the Sartre / Kierkegaard hammer blow, glaring data was shoved in front of me stating, without reserve;

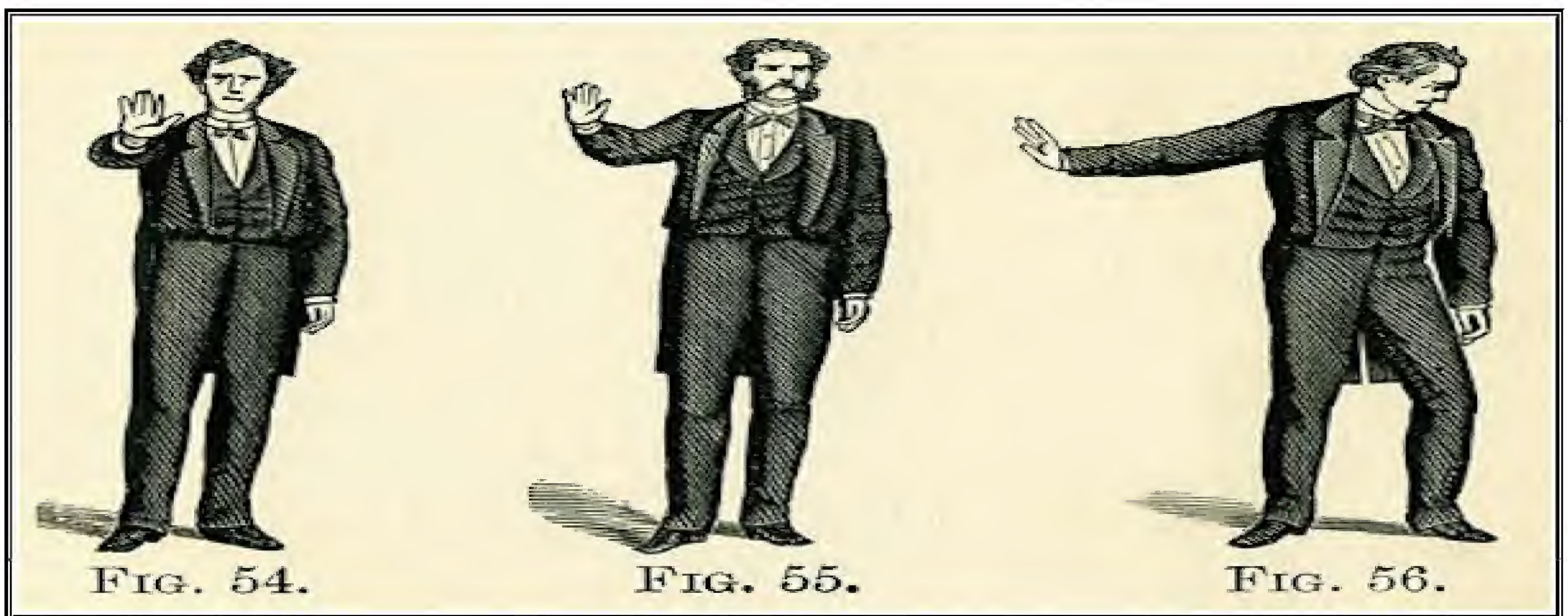
Others do not care what your past accomplishments are.

They're not interested in what you have planned for the future

and what you're involved with now,

they simply cannot be bothered with.

In layman's terms that means *Bugger-Off Shithook*.



People have lives to live, cubicles to report to, people to hate, televisions to watch, sex to think about – there's no time for anything or anyone but themselves, unless they see an opportunity to aggressively belittle you – they eat that shit up.

There's not one spare moment which would allow us to fix the roof on Bob's shelter. If we all pitched in, we could knock it out in an afternoon... But Karl would miss the game, so fuck it.

We almost did it once or twice, but someone always has a fucking chicken-shit-cry-baby-meltdown before we even head home to for the hammers and booze; *“FUCK that BOB GUY! I saw him **near** the field where I hunt squirrels and he was carryin' something. I better not find out it was a bag of squirrels!”*

I bet it was potatoes. Pilfered Purple Potatoes which I've heard more than once, similar to stolen guitars offering up bitterness of a sort music lovers seek unendingly, are less likely to have been contaminated with Kool Aid.

Sign Here Please

Initial here...and here.... aaaand here.....

Do people think they're gonna get another chance to do the right thing? It takes a minute to struggle past the crap they told ya when you were small, but pretty soon, even the dumbest of dullards knows the basics. Problem is, ya gotta fuck some stuff up first – making mistakes is how ya learn not to make mistakes. Dunno about you but I never heard that little edict until algebra classes rolled around. How I didn't figure it out myself doesn't make me look all wicked smart, now does it?

Seems to me walking around this dump, temporary though it may be, yer gonna see some cruel-ass bullshit go down. Some don't recognize cruelty and those people are called Sociopaths, like the Waltons, the Walmart family? Yeh, total sociopaths.

Others feel it in their bones and it's gonna chew on 'em until they figure out where they stand. Your Option Packages Include:

- 1) Try to make it stop – do something
- 2) Contribute, thus *becoming* a Sociopath – hard to achieve unless your upbringing was j-uuuust right
- 3) Make a point to avoid situations wherein cruelty is likely to play a substantial role.

Once you've made your choice, you'll have plenty of chances to see if what you chose is a match for what your head is comfortable with. You might start out tryin' to make cruelty slow-it's-ass-down, and while endeavoring to get that asshole to listen, find yourself in the role of Pugilist when cruelty-inflictors turn on you for tryin' to get them to stop kicking your dog.

Took for fucking ever but once I decided to avoid placing myself and or persons I care for in a position proven to end in harsh explicatives, if not worse, my pool cue consumption has dropped to zero. That's all it took too – just walk the fuck away. Being a pussy, I tell Cruelty Enthusiasts WHY they won't be seeing me again cuz honestly, Sociopaths have feelings too and I hate to leave anyone hanging like that. It's just common courtesy.

I mentioned lunch money earlier and its disappearance? The same five ass-wipes did that shit to me every day and, in what I can only refer to as an early moment of clarity, I figured if I threw the lunch money out the school bus window they'd eventually stop strip searching me after coming up empty handed a few hundred times. It worked too. Once I was sure I was off their radar, I started draggin' that thirty five cents to school again; I had B lunch, they had C so I could look like I'd not eaten by the time they kicked their way into the cafeteria, scored 4 pieces of cake each and went behind the gym to smoke and get their sugar-grump on for the afternoon's festivities.

Even going with Option Package #3 I'm finding the scope of stupidity involved just so you can have a few orgasms and maybe go water skiing, lands well beyond the 'bargain' perimeter. I'd ask for a refund, but I don't want my investment back – it was painful enough handing it over.

This is the thing though:

Why be a dick when you don't have to? All that fucking matters at the end of the day is how kind you were to others. Tiny pill, easy to swallow, yet in short supply. Way too many dyed-in-the-wool dicks around here for my tastes. 60 years worth of them? Plenty, I assure you. They're such dicks they make it impossible NOT to be dick-ish just to get by.

Hopefully, in a few hours, days, weeks I'll feel differently. Maybe I'll take up the worst of the current crop of naughty drugs I can easily access? The old crop sure helped me not think about firearms as often.

That's the only conclusion I'll burden you with: Don't be a dick and while yer at it, try and convince a couple of your moronic runnin' buddies to do the same.

Easy to see I want outta this piece of shit life. Who wouldn't?

Stupid people, that's who.

Footnotes

1. Example:

~Lawrence has *developed* a pulmonary embolism because his brain is broken.

~Christopher seems well on the way to *developing* a cure for Brussels Sprouts because his brain is broken.

One of the examples is a bad thing, the other, not so much.

The word is employed referring to an event in the past, the other indicating a lack of full manifestation, assumed to be complete at some point, both are said to be correct by standard English speaking peoples.

Both end with tragic news in any case, again leaving the good / bad component of something being *developed, developing, in a developmental stage or otherwise in transition from nothing to something, or from something to something else*, cloaked in mystery.

2. I'm French – I can lambast my own with impunity. This is reality – where white flags are, or are not manufactured, has nothing to do with anything, unless you live in France and need a job.